

10115 Coffee House. No. 7. 6. 1739

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No. 139

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
ON HIS
MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,
OCTOBER the 30th, 1739.

Scribere jussit Amor.

OVID.

CÆSARIS Alma Dies, & Luce sacratior illa
Conscia Dictæum, qua tulit Ida Jovem,
Longa precor, Pyliog; veni numerosior Ævo,
Semper & hoc Vultu, vel meliore nite.

Magna quidem Superi petimus, sed debita Terris
Pro tanto quæ sunt improba Vota Deo.

MARTIAL.

By Mr. PARRATT.

L O N D O N :

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[Price Six Pence.]

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CITY OF LONDON

OF HIS

MAYOR'S BIRTHDAY

October the 30th 1739

Q. D.

Sheweth that the said City of London
doth hereby certify that the said
Mayor's Birthday is celebrated on the
30th of October

III

MAYOR

By M. P. A. R. A. T.



Printed by C. Corbett



P R E F A C E.

I Cannot but conceive it a Duty incumbent on every True Englishman, at this critical Juncture of Affairs, to pay a due Regard to the present Administration; and, that even supposing, They have not acted altogether consonant, to the Sentiments of a few ruminating Subjects, who assume to themselves the Power of Divination.

Rumor Res sine Teste, sine Judice Maligna Fallax. And yet, such are the unhappy Divisions amongst Us, that the Minds of good Men seem to be infected with this Contagion; a Contagion, which, if not put a Stop to, may spread such Mischief amongst Us, as may occasion the Wicked and Disaffected in this Kingdom, to attempt some daring Enterprize.

Let

P R E F A C E.

Let Us then, my Fellow Subjects, by laudable and Christian-like Endeavours, aim to promote Unity and Love towards one another, and due Obedience to Our Gracious Sovereign, and those he has thought fit to entrust in the publick Affairs. By this Means We shall frustrate the Designs of Our Enemies, and establish a lasting Happiness at Home, which, with the Blessing of Almighty GOD, will make Us SUCCESSFUL ABROAD.

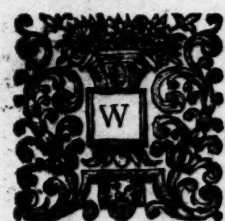
I doubt not but this little Attempt of mine, to celebrate His MAJESTY's High Worth, will produce to my self Abuse and Defamation—But however, be that as it will, I value it not; and shall confess myself, with much Satisfaction, greatly compensated, if, by any Means, I shall be approved by the Honest, Loyal and Deserving Subjects. Vincit Amor Patriæ.



A N



A N
O D E.



HILST You, Great WALPOLE, bare the *Weight*,
The *Cares* and *Troubles* of the State,
Fixt on Your End, and firmly *just*,
What *Muse*, imprudent, shall appear,
With vain Attempts to gain Thy Ear,
And importune Thee from Thy sacred Trust?

Not all the *Art* of mighty *Verse*,
Thy Real Virtues can rehearse,

Or

Or give due *Honours* to Thy *Name* :
 Not *Milton's* Strength, not *Waller's* Ease,
 Or mighty *Pindar's* noble *Lays*,
 Can celebrate Thy *Worth*, or speak Thy *Fame* :

Where *Merit* dwells, there *Envy* flies,
 And lives upon the *Good* and *Wise*,
 The *Generous*, *Honest*, and the *Brave* :
 She dares the *Sacred Power* of *Kings* ;
 But never stoops her *baleful Wings*
 To the mean *Peasant*, or ignoble *Slave* :

Ennobled Worth, like *Thine*, shall stand
 The *jealous Rage* of every *Hand* ;
 Nothing shall pull Thy *Glory* down :
Truth, *Wisdom*, *Virtue*, each shall raise
 To Thee, a *Monument* of *Praise*,
 And wreathe Thy *Temples* with the *Laurel Crown* :

Forgive

Forgive the *Muse* (Love bids her write)

That thus would pay her *honest Mite*,

And join her *Pæans* with the *Throng*!

To You she would direct her *Voice*,

Secure that You'll applaud her *Choice*,

And give Your *Suff'rage* to the *Poet's Song*.

Descend, ye *Nine*, and aid me whilst I sing

BRITANNIA'S *Glory* in *Britannia's King*;

The World shall listen to your *Lays*,

And *Phæbus* tune his golden *Lyre*,

As You import, the God shall say,

"Fame found the *Monarch's Praise*,

"Let joyful *Io's* hail this happy, 'happy Day,

"While *Crowds* applaud, and *Subjects* all admire."

Born for our *Joy*, and born to *bless*,

To save *Britannia* from *Distress*,

And

And reinforce the *glorious Cause* :

To Us, this *Day*, a *King* was given,

To guard our *Liberties* and *Laws*,

To make *Oppression* fly,

Envy and *Discord* die,

And emulate the *Almighty Will of Heaven*.

And give Your *Swiftness* to the *Post of Time*.

Peace smil'd, and honest *Freedom* rose,

Pregnant with *Conquest* o'er her *Foes*;

And *Mercy* shew'd her *Heav'nly Face*:

For *GEORGE's Birth* they plum'd their *Wings*,

Prefaging thus a *Line of KINGS*.

Proceeding from the *BRUNSWICK Race*.

A *Race* to *Britons* dear,

Which *future Ages* shall *revere*:

The *Pride of Rome* it broke,

Freed us from *Bondage*, and destroy'd the *gauling Yoke*.

Now for our *Joy*, and born to bless

The *Five Kingdoms* from *Disgrace*.

The BRUNSWICK Race, the Godlike Son confest,
 And every *Line* his *Ancestors* exprest ;
Majestick, Merciful and Wise,
 These *Virtues* all in GEORGE combine ;
 All, all confess the *Royal Line*,
 And with superior *Majesty* arise.

No more shall *Rome's* delusive *Hand*
 Spread *Terror* thro' *Britannia's* Land :
 No more, with *arbitrary Sway*,
 And *lawless Rage*,
 Give all our *Liberties* away
 To *tricking Priests*, and *Bigots* of an *Age*,
 But sullen view this happy Day
 Confess Great GEORGE's Power, and per Force obey.

Britannia mourn'd, but mourn'd in vain,
 An artful TRIBE, a *faithless Train*

Of arbitrary *Knaves* :

Bore the *Oppression*, figh'd and bled,

While *Freedom* hung her *solitary Head*,

And saw her *Sons* ordain'd for *Slaves*,

Rapin, *Blood*, and *ghastly Wounds* ;

Obedience passive, horrid *Fears*,

Were then the only, only *Sounds*

That reach'd the *Subject's Ears*,

Dismay'd the *Land*, and fill'd the *Realm* with *Tears*.

Sacred Religion, like to *NOAH's Dove*,

Was doom'd to *wander* and to *rove*,

And found no *Place* of *Rest* :

Idolatry prevail'd, and *Sin*

Made *Truth* a *Liar*, and our *Faith* a *Jest* ;

So *Popish Pageantry* came in,

Destroy'd our *Quiet*, and our *Liberties* possest.

At

At length, the *Waves* began to calm,
The *Dove* brought forth the *Olive Palm*,

And *Liberty* again arose :

Big with the Sound of NASSAU'S FAME,
The Heavenly *Goddeſs* came,

Rejoyc'd her *Friends*, and terrify'd her *Foes*.

Her pleasing *Voice* no ſooner heard,

When *Faction*, *Tyranny* and *Lust*

Were humbled to the Duſt,

And the *Victorious CONQUEROR* appear'd.

'Twas then brave Thirſt of *Glory* and of *Fame*

Spurr'd on the *Patriot*, and adorn'd his Name ;

In WILLIAM'S *Cauſe* each *Loyal Heart* was charm'd,

And, for their *Country's Rights* the Chiefs were arm'd.

Success attended on the *Hero's Cauſe*,

Regain'd our *Freedom*, and maintain'd our *Laws* ;

Fix'd the fam'd *Æra* in *Britannia's* Isle,
Made *Faction* cease, and *buxom Plenty* smile;
So, when amazing *Clouds* with *Haste* arise,
Dusk the *calm Air*, and blacken all the *Skies*,
With *doubtful Looks* we view the gloomy *Sight*
Burst out in *Prayers*, and ask the *genial Light*.
The *genial Sun* declines his *radiant Rays*,
And sad *Despair* attends us while we gaze ;
Horror, *Confusion*, and *Dismay* appear,
And the big *Soul* is fill'd with *anxious Fear* :
We droop in *Silence*, and with *Patience* wait
The just Decision of *uncertain Fate*.
When, lo, the *Light* appears, with *Joy* we run
And hail the approaching *Glory* of the *Sun* !
Storms are dispel'd, and *Mists* sent far away,
And *Nature* smiles at the fair *Face of Day*.

Blest

Blest *Æra* ! which *We* now possess in **GEORGE'S** *Reign*,
 And which with *Britain* shall remain,

In Spight of any *bold Pretender* :

GEORGE shall be heard from *Shore to Shore*,
 Whilst *suppliant Nations* shall His Might adore,
 And We confess Him for Our *Faith's Defender*.

Spain shall regret the *fatal Hour*

She dar'd to violate the *Peace*,

And, humbl'd by the *British Power*,

Bow down and give Our *Monarch Praise* !

Convinc'd, at length, that *Britons* own

One **GOD**, one *King*, one *Faith* alone :

Untaught by *Anti-christian Creatures* ;

Reptiles, who study *vile Deceit*,

Put on the Face of *Piety* to cheat,

Prove false to **GOD**, and to their *Country Traytors*.

What

What *Power* shall dare controul

Our *Rights* by *Sea* or *Land*!

We'll sail from *Pole* to *Pole*;

Where-e'er *We* go, *Command*:

Nations shall dread Our *vengeful Sword*,

Shall *Tremble* and *Obey*,

Nor dare dispute the *Sovereign's Word*,

Or interdict his *Sway*.

From *Heaven* alone, his *Charter's* come,

And, tho' not sanctify'd by *Rome*,

He dares withstand her *Fury*;

Bid the *loud Cannon* thunder o'er the *Main*,

And all the *Pomp* of *Majesty* maintain,

And prove HIS TITLE *ex Divini Jure*.

Listen

Listen, *ye Powers* ! Defend Our *Sovereign's Cause*,

And hear the *Subject's Prayer* ;

Prolong His *Reign*, support His *Laws*,

And dignify the *War* !

Bless this *Auspicious Day*, regard his *Life*,

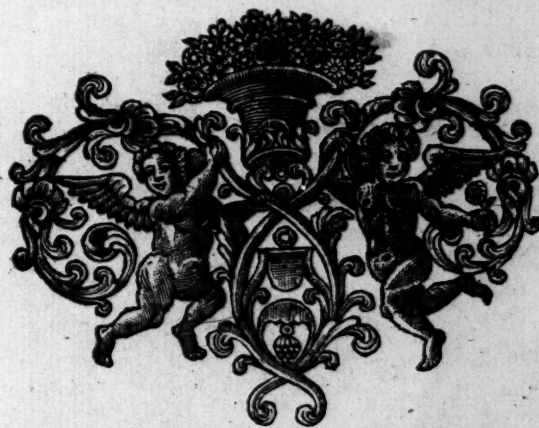
And *Crown* his future *Hours* with *Ease* :

Make *Faction* cease, with *busy Strife*,

And guide Us to a GLORIOUS PEACE !

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F I N I S.



Millen, ye Formen ! Defend Our Sovereign's Cause,

And hear the Subject's Prayer ;

Prolong His Reign, support His Laws,

And dignify the War !

Hold this Assumption Day, regard his Life,

And Crown his future Hours with Life :

Make Fashion cease, with busy strife

And guide Us to a Glorious Peace !

F I W I S.

